

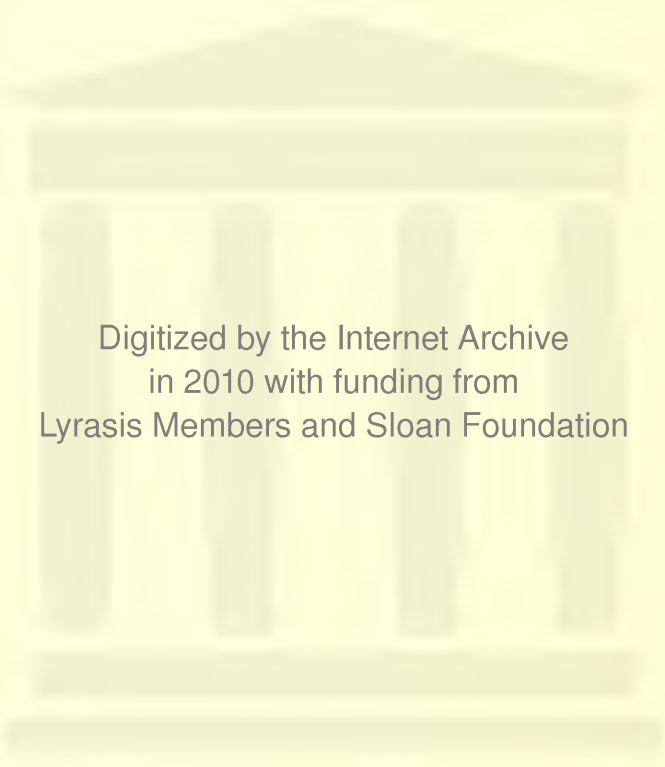
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The Focus

Y. M. C. A. Number

January, 1916

State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia



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THE FOCUS

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NO. 9

The Wayside Piper *

Mary S. Edgar

("The Wayside Piper" is based upon the old story of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," but in this dramatic adaptation the music of the Piper symbolizes the appeal of the Young Women's Christian Association to the hearts and minds of girls.

Into the Piper's flute, Faith and Hope and Love have breathed the essence of themselves to produce a clear, spiritual melody with which the Piper goes forth into the wayside places of modern life to awaken a responsiveness and call forth the latent music of individual expression from all kinds of girls.)

Piper:

Glad would I be, on some clear magic reed,
To flute my way,
Out in the world where dwells some human need
Of piper's play;
To stir perchance the songless hearts of men,
Awake, a-thrill with Life's sweet note again.

To hold within my feeble instrument
The sighing wind,

*"The Wayside Piper" is a play written for the Commencement Week of the Class of 1915 of the National Training School for Association Secretaries in New York City and is republished here by permission of the Y. W. C. A. Publication Department. The poems here printed are but a small portion of the play.

And sweep vigor through a heart forespent
And courage find;
To breathe the Spirit's breath in living word,
Until resistlessly a life were stirred.

To pipe the ripple of the bubbling Source
And hail a friend—
And some parched child upon a weary course
Refreshment lend;
That through the channel of my flute might burst
A hidden Spring to quench some burning thirst.

Within my hands the golden Light to grasp,
And make it song;
And waft it forth for other hands to clasp,
Undimmed and strong;
To pierce the dark with one immortal gleam,
And kindle there a vital glowing dream.

Thus would I through the footpath ways of Earth
Pipe Love's refrain,
Pour out a wealth of song and wake to birth
A kindred strain;
Far off, perhaps, and faintly might be heard
The lingering echoes of one passing word.

Piper stands in meditative attitude, and a young girl,
Faith, enters.

Faith:

Ah, Piper, there has lately come to me,
Like thistle-down adrift on summer air,
A wistful echo of your heart's desire.
Therefore I come to breathe within your pipe
A melody,—a music that can set
The fretful heart atune with childlike trust,
For I am Faith, and I have clearly sung
Through passing ages, to the human heart.
So, Piper, here within your rhythmic flute,
I breathe the breath of Faith, and bid you fare

Out in the world, and then send forth your song.
Until some faithless child awakes to sing.

She breathes in the flute and retires. A young girl, Hope,
slips joyously in.

Hope:

O Wayside Piper, I have lightly sped
From over sunny hill and singing stream,
For I am Hope, and underneath my feet
The fairest flowers spring, and fields are green.
Upon my wings the rainbow dreams of men
Are borne aloft. And on the broken strings
Of lost desire, my gentle fingers play
And wake anew the music of the heart.
I thought I heard an echo of your need,
And I am come to bring my richest gift.
Within your pipe I breathe the breath of Hope:
Oh, waft it forth in lavish melody,
Oh, rise, and wandering forth, your music make,
Where'er you chance to find a songless child.

Piper follows a few steps, and Love enters.

Love:

O Music Maker, I am known as Love:
My home is everywhere; I set my feet
Within the starry pathway of the sky,
In quiet places where the wild things are,
And in the marts of men. I wake the dawn,
And kindle fires along the sunset sky.
I blossom in the rose, and nightly fold
My tender arms about the universe.
I wake the smile that creeps on baby lips,
I wake the thrill that comes in Youth's glad hour,
I wake the song that everywhere finds birth,
For I am Love, and love is life's great dower.
So, Piper, to my lips I place your flute,
And give your music something of myself;
Now fare you forth along the world's highway,
And waken there the symphony of Love.

The Piper:

Oh, I am the Wayside Piper
Footing the paths of Earth,
Making a magic music,
Piping a glad rebirth.
Sad hearts,
Glad hearts,
Awake! Awake!
I make things new,
For Love's own sake.
Hear! Hear!
My music clear
Can banish all
Your gloomy fear.
Sing! Sing!
Your gladness bring,
Until the Earth
With song shall ring.
For I am the Wayside Piper
And I search for a human need;
Then I pipe new faith and hope and love
Upon my magic reed.

(The Spirit of Service is one of the characters of the play.
She speaks thus to the Piper:)

O Miracle! How wonderful it is!
He has within his flute a gift divine.
O Piper, you are timely for our need,
For unto you has come a solemn trust.
Those tender notes of faith and hope and love
Can make dull hearts vibrate and live anew;
Where'er you go your outpoured gift may be
A wayside sacrament of serving love.
So here we offer you a sacred charge:
Go forth among the girlhood of the world
And there attune the inner life to God.

Song to the Piper by Spirit of Service:

Sacred the charge we give to you,
Piper of Song.
Follow the winding waysides through,
And lead Earth's girlhood forth anew,
Awakening music rich and true,
Where'er you chance along.
Make life's note strong,
Piper of Song,
Sacred the gift entrusted you,
Piper of Song.

Go with your pipe and sweetly woo,
From the shop and field and campus too,
The girls who would their lives renew
And hand and heart make strong.
So fare along,
Piper of Song.

Spirit of the Twentieth Century (addressing the Piper):

The Twentieth Century Spirit welcomes you,
And lends her light to guide you down the years.
As yet we stand but on the threshold dim,
And cannot see what changes wait us there,
Within the cycle of the passing years.
But faintly I discern a sunrise sky,
Flooding the East with tints of rose and gold,
And spreading o'er the world the light of Peace.
I see beyond the mists and clouds of war
The shining symbol of the reign of Love,
When nations shall link hands to stand for right.
I see a time when radiant womanhood
Within the Kingdom that will come on earth
Will find at last the more abundant life,
And crowned with freedom, gladly live to serve.
Come, follow me, O Piper, down the years;
I seek to show all women, East and West,
The radiance of my torch, until the Dawn
Shall usher in at last the "Golden Age."

(The following are the songs of the girls who have heard the Piper's music.)

Life has music in it now,
Something glad and new;
Piper, Piper, teach, us how
We may keep it true.
Now we are awake, awake,
Earth becomes for us more fair,
Something new has come to make
Of our daily work, a prayer.
Piper, Piper, help us be
Pure and strong, erect and free.

Now we take our work once more,
See, it has a glory tint!
Why, 'twas never there before,
Not the faintest rosy hint.
Now we see it woven through
With a purpose shining bright,
Ah, we glimpse a rainbow too,
Arching there before our sight.
Piper, life is good and fair,
And we would the secret share.

(Hymn of praise sung by all those whom the Piper has reached with his transforming music.)

And now ere we part we would offer our praises,
To God the Father, Lord of Might,
Who of His love has formed us and kept us
And given His Son to be our Light.
'Tis His the music that awakens the Spirit
And His the way of Perfect Love,
'Tis His the Life more abundantly joyous
That comes to Earth from Heaven above.

May we go forth now to widen His Kingdom
That Peace on Earth may fully be known,
His work to do with truer devotion

Until His Love shall reign alone.
With joy we go in fuller allegiance,
Where'er His Spirit guides our ways,
Till womanhood in the world's darkest places
Shall learn of Him and live His praise.

A Social Service Power Plant *

TAKE FROM YOUR library shelf your volume of Alice in Wonderland and a copy of the Arabian Nights. Read again the stories of cabbages and kings, dream palaces and magic gardens, and you will think, not of the days of your childhood, but of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, which has just closed. It was such a fairyland of radiant colors, such a wonderful playground and nine-months' carnival, that one was apt to forget that, after all, it was a work-a-day world. Only upon second thought did one remember that hundreds of men and women did prosy work there day by day. They were busy meeting people, directing, amusing and instructing the crowds of sightseers.

After a long day of walking from one place to another until feet ached and muscles were weary, one was in a mood to remember that there were thousands of other visitors who needed the common comforts, such as food, quiet, and a place to rest.

The Exposition officials realized all of this over two years ago when they invited the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association to erect a building which could be headquarters for all women, whether visiting or employed. The National Board responded by placing in the South Gardens the building which was a center of comfort and hospitality through all the Exposition months, "A Social Service Plant." An attractive, well-managed lunch room, where meals could be had at reasonable prices, was deemed the best way of letting the public know of the existence of the organization in so unusual a place as a big international fair. People must eat wherever they are, and while they wait to be served they are likely to turn their attention to the most obvious things. Consequently, ways were devised to let them know about the other kinds

*This article is contributed by the Publication Department of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

of service that this building stood for. A writing room and reading room on the main floor offered comfort to tired folk; a rest room, where women could lie down and relax utterly, was provided on the upper floor, away from the noise and rush of things; and photographs, pictures, and exhibits in cases around the lobby called attention to the work of the Associations scattered over the country. Over 5,000 people a day passed through the building, and an average of 800 questions were answered.

Before the Exposition opened it was stated that about three thousand girls and women would find employment in its palaces, State Buildings, and Amusement Zone. Many of these came from San Francisco and had friends and connections in this region, but a considerable number hailed from long distances, drawn here by the idea that it would be possible to make a generous living in a place where there must be so much work to do. In the matter of employment alone, the Y. W. C. A. was constantly appealed to by girls who were unable to get work and who needed to be helped until they could find some way to return to their homes. In many cases, employment was secured for them; in other cases, where illness or some other misfortune had overtaken them, they were tided over and cared for. Considerable actual protective work was done. Whenever a girl is especially attractive there is always temptation in the form of some stranger waiting to escort her home at night or invite her out to dinner. Nine times out of ten when she accepts these invitations it is because she is either lonely or hard up. If, at this point, there is some wise friend at hand, the girl is safe. One of the young women who worked on the Zone went down to live in what proved to be a disreputable part of town because she was trying to live cheaply to save money to get back to her mother. When she found that one of the Young Women's Christian Association secretaries cared enough to get her a good home, she said, "It would be mighty easy for any girl to keep straight if somebody cared enough to help her out."

A discharged employee on the Exposition grounds brought

a note to the employment bureau from the secretary of her former employer, which read:

"This poor soul is in sore straits. She has planned her life none too wisely. She does not fit into our work and has nothing to fall back on. Feed her on our credit—cheer her up if you can—and love her a little. This morning her baggage was seized for rent. A square meal will give her new courage."

The order was filled in all its details and a job less taxing to an untrained middle-aged woman provided.

Perhaps the most picturesque piece of work which the Young Women's Christian Association did at the Exposition was that which centered around the Club House on the Amusement Zone. This club house was a comfortable summer cottage with a club room furnished in rattan, a rest room, kitchen and lunch room, and best of all, an abundance of hot water, with foot baths for weary feet and tub baths for those girls who had been missing them because they were obliged to live on the Amusement Zone. From the moment that it opened the girls adopted it as their own. "Are you going to the club this afternoon?" one girl would say in much the same tone as a man would say to another man, "Shall I meet you at the club tonight?" It was their "House of Friendliness"—and they came to it from long distances. A hot lunch was served at from twelve to seventeen cents at any hour in the day. Instantaneous hot water in the bathroom, magazines, flowers and a piano in the club room, a trained nurse who looked after any ailment that might put a girl temporarily below par; and a friendly atmosphere that made one come again.

As the work developed each member of the employed staff was responsible for making the acquaintance of, and establishing friendly relations with, the women in a palace. Simple, home-like parties were given, followed by fun and frolic and opportunity to get acquainted. Over half of the girls who came to these entertainments registered from states outside California. One evening, when the roll call was made of the states of the Union, in response to the word "Massachusetts," nine girls rose in different parts

of the room, each of whom worked in a different building, and no two of them were aware of each other's existence. In less time than it takes to tell it, those nine girls had picked up their chairs, and, carrying them over to a secluded corner of the room, had sat down, and, with their heads close together were getting acquainted. In the various state parties, Massachusetts, Illinois, New York, and Ohio carried off the palm for the greatest number of representatives present. On one evening there was a little girl from Belgium, two from Norway, one from Japan, one from Switzerland, twelve from Hawaii, two from Canada, and one from Australia. One of these girls said afterward, "You can't possibly know how much that frolic meant to me. Why, it's the first party I've been to in five years."

The Young Women's Christian Association, through the social side of its work, has tried to banish loneliness from the hearts of the girls employed at the Exposition, who found themselves far away from home and strangers in a Western city.

Millie

Gertrude Welker, '15

A CROWD OF SHOP-GIRLS, stenographers, vaudeville actresses, and other girls, who were for a few months earning their living at the Exposition, filled the rest-room of the Christian Association Club House on the Zone at the noon hour one day.

"Is this the Y. W. C. A.?" The talking and chattering ceased suddenly, and the crowd of merry, world-wise young women turned to look at the timid, plainly-dressed questioner, who carried a tiny child in her arms.

"Say, Madge, how did that get in?" drawled one unfeelingly to her companion who was "doing" her hair for her in the latest fashion. "I'm glad it ain't me. There, that looks fine."

"Hush, Lula!" said Madge, "can't you see that she heard what you said? There, your hair is lovely. Now, do let me alone while I go over there and ask her what she wants. I remember the first day I came, and so do you, so you ought to be ashamed to hurt her feelings."

Madge crossed the room to the new comer.

"Yes, this is the Y. W. C. A. Club House, where we girls come to rest and eat our lunch. Did you want to see Miss Ellis? She's the one who takes our names and is the head of the Club House."

"Yes, please," answered the woman timidly, grateful for the kindness of the girl. Madge rang Miss Ellis's bell, and very soon she appeared in the doorway and made her way among the girls, laughing with them and shaking hands with them in a friendly, personal way.

"I love Miss Ellis," a blondined beauty said to her chorus-girl companion. "She shakes hands with all of us just like we were ladies."

Miss Ellis made her way toward the one who had just entered. "Did you wish to see me?" she said kindly.

"Yes," the woman answered, looking up into the Secretary's eyes, "I came to tell you about Milly."

"Come with me," said the Secretary, as she led the way into her consultation room. "Now, tell me about Milly," she added as she led her guest to a comfortable chair, "tell me all about it."

The visitor looked tenderly down at the child in her lap.

"It's Milly's baby," she said, "and she asked me to take care of little Rosalie—she was named after me—I'm Milly's sister you know—but I've found that I just can't do it and do my work too. I heard that maybe you could find a home for her. I hate to go back on Milly so, but——"

"Why, yes, I can place the child," answered the Secretary kindly, "but Milly—where is the child's mother?"

"You see, it was this way," Milly's sister began, "at the beginning of the Exposition Ralph, that's Milly's husband, thought he could make more money by comin' here and gettin' a job than by stayin' on the farm. Milly didn't want to come, her bein' sort o' feeble-like ever since little Rosalie came, but Ralph, he said he never could make nothin' on a farm.

"So Milly finally said she'd go if I'd come along with her, and Ralph promised to get me a job typewritin' or book-keepin' or somethin', said they had heaps more jobs here at the Exposition than there was people to fill them, so I came along. We rented some rooms in a boarding-house here in the city. They weren't such nice rooms but they were comfortable and convenient, and Ralph said they weren't anything to what we'd have some day when he made his pile. Ralph got me a job at eight dollars a week in one of the stores, and he hung around the garages till he learned how to run machines and then he got a place as chauffeur. Everything looked bright for us, and then, one night, Ralph didn't come home. He had been actin' sort o' funny for several days. When I came home from work late that night Milly was walkin' the floor and wringin' her hands, and she told me that I must stay with Rosalie while she went to look for Ralph. It was a terrible night outside, cold and rainy, and when Milly came back

she was wet to the skin and coughin'. She put her head in my lap and told me everything. How she ever found Ralph I don't know, but she traced him to a lunch room in the back of a saloon, and found him with another woman, a showily-dressed chorus girl. Milly ran to him and hung on his neck, but he threw her off.

"I soothed Milly and put her to bed. She seemed feverish and her eyes looked sort o' wild when she told me good-night. Towards morning I got up and went to Milly's room. I went over to the bed to see how Milly was. I put my hand on her forehead and it was so cold and damp-like, and she was so still, that I got scared and turned up the light to see. There she was, the covers thrown back, and her gown open at the throat where she had caught at it, and in her hand a bottle of poison. . . .

"The sun was up and little Rosalie was crying the next I knew—'pears like I had sort o' fallen asleep down there by Milly's bed—so I got up and dressed Rosalie and got some breakfast, and then I went to the bank and drew out all my savings. We buried her, and then little Rosalie and I started out to look for a cheaper room to live in. But rents are so high, and the floor-walker at the store asked me why my sales weren't up to the usual mark, and hinted at tellin' the head man, so I knew I couldn't keep on workin' and takin' care of Rosalie too, and so I've brought her here."

The Secretary reached over and took the rough hand in her own. "Of course, I will find a place for little Rosalie," she said.

For several minutes she sat there thinking of how she could help this woman and child. She could find a place for the child she knew, for she had on record many childless homes. She would look through her list.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. At the cheerful "Come in" of the Secretary, it opened, and the visiting secretary of the district came in, followed by a man. He shuffled in awkwardly and self-consciously, twirling his hat in his hands. Milly's sister turned and saw him.

"Ralph!" she said, "Ralph." There was joy, surprise, and resentment in her voice.

The visiting secretary stepped forward. "Are you this man's sister-in-law?"

"I am," answered Milly's sister.

"And this is his child?" the Secretary asked again.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Then this man has something to say to you," said the Secretary kindly, leading him forward.

Ralph looked at his wife's sister and then down at the child in the Secretary's lap. Suddenly, he seemed to know. "Where's Milly?" he asked quickly, half-fearing yet listening for the answer.

"She killed herself that night," faltered Rosalie.

The man reeled and the look of anguish in his face told that the feeling for the other woman had been but momentary, while his love for Milly had been the only real love of his life.

"I didn't know," he began. "They wouldn't tell me when I went to the house to see where she was. For I came back, yes, I came back, all right. I would have come back before, but I was afraid."

"But *she*—the other one—told. She was afraid about the money, and told this lady," he pointed to the visiting secretary, "where I was. Seems like the lady had been tryin' to make her a better woman some way. Well, the lady found me, and said as how perhaps you and Milly might come here so's these people could help you get jobs," he continued turning to Rosalie, "but I didn't know about—Milly—honest."

"I promise to be straight," Milly's husband said, "and I promise to take care of the child. We can go back to the farm, Rosalie," he said to his sister-in-law, "and little Rosalie need never know. I can make enough to buy it back in a little while. Will you go?"

The sister looked up questioningly at the two secretaries. They nodded, and Miss Ellis's voice was not very steady as she answered, "Yes, I think you should—for the sake of Milly." A glad light broke over Ralph's face.

"Yes," he said, "for Milly's sake."

Rosalie turned to the two friends who had helped them, and gave them each one of her work-hardened hands.

"Are there other women in the world as good as you?" she faltered. "I am going to try to be one—like you are. Ralph, I will go, for Milly's sake."

She took his arm and the door closed on the man and woman and the child that looked like Milly.

The Story of a Student Movement *

IT WOULD BE a marvelously interesting study if some one would write a series of articles called "Romances of the Modern College World."

Perhaps a campus seems as foreign as a great factory to the spirit of romance, in this larger meaning of the word. Yet there is no more romantic story than the development of the great woman's movement which has grown up on college campuses. And a very important phase of this growth which is still holding the interest of the world is the women's student Christian movement, which, for most American colleges, means the Student Young Women's Christian Association.

To be a true romance a story must begin "in medias res." The Young Women's Christian Association the country over is celebrating this month of February, 1916, its fiftieth birthday, and because it possesses eternal youth it is calling this birthday celebration a Jubilee. On the evening of the first day of February practically every Young Women's Christian Association in the United States will gather together its members for a banquet. Can you realize what that means? It means that every woman in the United States who is interested in the coming of the Kingdom of God will have an opportunity to join with other women in a fellowship that ought to kindle the world into friendliness that night!

But the Nation-Wide Members' Jubilee is but an occasion, month-long though it is. What else has the Student Young Women's Christian Association brought to the college girl—in what ways is it steadily working with all the other agencies that help to make her fit for life in the world?

Perhaps the first answer to that question on the lips of any college woman whose campus vocabulary includes the

*This article is contributed by the Publication Department of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

letters, "Y. W. C. A." would be—"Summer Conferences." The jubilee, with its gathering of like-minded women in a great cause, is thrilling in a spectacular fashion. But every summer by seashore and mountain, and lake, college girls gather for ten days to think together and study together and play together and enter together upon a fuller following of the way which Jesus Christ came to make known to the world two thousand years ago. It is difficult to speak of the influences which a summer conference put into the life of a girl: one has the feeling, always, that these are things which are perhaps not unlawful but certainly impossible to be uttered. Only by their results in the lives of college women can summer conferences be judged! It challenges the imagination to think how every profession which is open to women, including that of home-making, is being permeated by the spirit which the experiences of a summer conference puts into the life of a girl—the spirit which made a man say once to a conference girl: "You're the best sport and the best Christian I know!"

The Jubilee and the summer conference are weaving Student Associations together into a great body where individuals find help and inspiration. But in the everyday life and activities of a student association undergraduates are learning to get along with people, are developing leadership, are solving problems, financial, intellectual, spiritual; are finding life a fuller and a happier thing than they had known it to be before. No college girl's life is what it would have been without the Student Young Women's Christian Association. Whether the girl happens to be a member or not all her activities are influenced by what it has brought.

From a very hurried and incomplete survey of things as they are now "in medias res," as far as the Student Young Women's Christian Association is concerned, one turns to the beginning.

From the needs of the college girls of long ago—needs not so different, after all, from those of modern students—has come one of the big factors that operate on the campus—this Student Young Women's Christian Association,

In the long-ago days when it had its beginning in the co-educational colleges of the Middle West, student life was just as thrilling as it is today. Classes, to be sure, did go along "in solid blocks of fives"—there were few electives, Latin not yet having become less essential than meat and drink, the resources of library and laboratory were meager and the list of faculty was short. But societies were absorbing! Among the women, Athenas and Hesperians; among the men, Philatheans and Adelpheans, tried to out-do each other in lavish receptions, sleighing parties, and boat-rides, to dazzle the eyes and ensnare the hearts of the desirable freshmen. Not so very different from modern rushing, save that no member of one society might have a friend in another. No college activity but was conducted on partisan lines! "Knowing each other, appreciating each other, co-operating in anything at home or abroad was not dreamed of."

From the midst of such conditions as these came the initial movement which has resulted in the present powerful Student Young Women's Christian Association with its corps of trained secretaries at headquarters in New York City, its eleven summer conferences with an attendance of 2,908, its special publications, its widespread influence through a membership of 65,000 in 721 colleges and universities.

On November 12, 1872, at the Illinois State Normal University of Normal, Illinois, Lida Brown, and three other students with two friends, met for "Bible study, Christian conversation and prayer." Evidently the little group found what it sought, for the meetings continued, outgrew the students' room and were held in the vestibule of the church. In January a constitution (borrowed at the last moment from the Y. M. C. A. since nothing better offered), was adopted, and the little group became known as the Young Ladies' Christian Association.

Four other women's student associations—one at Northwestern University, one at Olivet, Michigan, one at Carbondale, Illinois, and one at Lenox College, Hopkinton, Iowa, sprang up in the decade, 1870-1880, before any

outside suggestion toward organization came. The psychology of such an occurrence brings added assurance as to the needs of women's student Christian Associations—even to one already convinced!

But it is a mistake to think that only in these five institutions were women taking an active part in Christian work. In some colleges the Y. M. C. A., feeling itself to be in reality a students' Christian Association, admitted women as members and officers. It throws much light on the attitude of the time to know that on the records of these Associations the women's "initials were printed instead of sex-betraying Christian names." Imagine a college girl of today consenting to have her name printed "A. Wilson," that the world at large might think her a man! Like the Samaritan woman these students seem to have been grateful for the crumbs that fell from the children's table.

In many sections of the United States co-education was still hotly contested. The hope of the women's Student Christian Association lay in the development of the initial Association at Normal, Illinois. Largely through the efforts of a traveling student secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, the idea spread through the colleges. Through the fellowship first of state conventions and state student secretaries, through Bible study and social good times, through community service and mutual responsibility, college girls learned much. But in 1902 the student associations offered their best gift—the summer conferences.

It is an almost impossible task to trace the labyrinthine wanderings of the women's student Christian Associations, their puzzling affiliations with almost every existing organization, their numerous constitutions, their easy change of names. But it is well to realize that on none of these things depended the strength of the movement, that none of them interfered with the accomplishment of its purpose. The women's student Christian Association, from the beginning, has been the method by which college girls have been able to attain the world friendship which opens a life to God until He can use it to extend His great friendly kingdom to

the end of the earth. Through the agency of the student Young Women's Christian Associations college girls have shed many of their narrow-minded prejudices, have left forever behind them the "dim religious light" in which they were prone to view all things Christian. Holding fast to the romance of their faith, that blend of sacrifice and courage and the beauty of holiness that has come down to them from the past they are year by year entering sanely and normally into that more abundant life which is the gift of Jesus Christ.

Our Letter-Box

I

Farmville, January, 1916.

Dear Everybody:

Girls of the Normal are always anxious for mail, so here's hoping you'll like our Letter-box. My contribution is classed with those of these distinguished persons so that I might say the following things to you.

The first of these things concerns the cabinet policy for 1915-16. You have heard it read, it is printed elsewhere in this number of *The Focus*, and we have tried to live it as best we could. Therefore, you are, I hope, somewhat familiar with it. It is for this policy that the present cabinet wishes most to be remembered. We adopted it only after much earnest thought and prayer, and we have tried to follow it, even though we know that in many respects we have failed. We hope the new cabinet will see fit to incorporate it in their policy and find it easier to follow because of our efforts in that direction.

The second thing is that we wish to thank the students for their support of the cabinet and to wish them well. Your new cabinet will soon be formed. We know that it will be good and we wish it every success in the world, not only in the execution of plans but also in bringing both its members and the school closer to Him who is the leader of our work.

Trusting that the life at S. N. S. is meaning much to you, and that our Association is filling its proper place in the school life here, I am,

Sincerely your friend,

Helene Nichols,
President of the Christian Association.

II

Charlotte, N. C., December, 1915.

Heartiest New Year greetings to the Farmville Normal Girls!

Did you ever find yourself in a street scene that was being photographed for the "movies?" I did once in a parade, and always since I have been interested in the people that I saw marching along, although I did not know their names, many of them, nor where they all came from, but only that we were all aiming at the same thing.

You are making part of a moving-picture play today—a perfectly huge one, with miles and miles of film. There are pictures of European battlefields, with university women of England and Germany as Red Cross nurses, pictures of physical training classes in Chinese normal schools, and hundreds of others—all of them pictures of students somewhere—and they are all part of you and you are part of them, and we are all aiming together at making the world a truly Christian place to live in.

I bring you their greetings and good wishes!

Faithfully yours,

Mabel Eleanor Stone,
Student Secretary of South Atlantic Field.

III

Newport News, Va., December, 1915.

Greeting:

May 1916 be the banner year for the Association.

Loyally yours,

Susan Minton,
Y. W. C. A. President at S. N. S., 1912-13.

IV

(Miss Boston is the Association President at Westhampton College this year.)

Westhampton College, Richmond, Va., Dec., 1915.

To the Young Women's Christian Association of the State
Normal School for Women the Association of
Westhampton College sends heartiest greetings:

Is it not a time for enthusiastic jubilee preparations? The joys of Christmas before us, although they will be joyful memories when this is read, the beginning of a new year which is always fascinatingly filled with thoughts of what may happen, and then the fitting climax of a jubilee—a time of rejoicing. Think what it means. Why, throughout this whole broad land of ours, from ocean to ocean, wherever an Association exists, girls and women will "hallow the fiftieth year." Not only does the thought bring our Associations right here in "ole Virginny" into nearer interest and understanding but there runs a current of love, joy and prayer throughout the Union which causes the girls of our Southland to be filled with the spirit of sisterhood for those who live on the far away Western prairies.

It is a time when "one may be thinking what he is, whence he came, what he has done, and to what the King has called him," in other words, take a perfectly frank census of himself. That is a discouraging task—try it and see—but it does make one able to see a few big things which in the rush of college life become almost hidden. And then if our frankness continues, we face the question "to what the King has called"—not "him" but me. Change it all to the first person. But I know your Jubilee is going right down into these deep things, and space is limited.

However, before closing let me be a little personal to you, dear old Farmville girls, for I was once an old Farmville girl myself. Miss Margaret Burton, a great leader at Blue Ridge, confided in some one that the Farmville girls at the Conference were a joy to her heart. Those

of you who know her will realize how much that means.

Our Association has not made plans for the Jubilee tangible enough to tell, but we hope to have them on a definite working basis immediately after Christmas.

With every good wish for the successful carrying-out of your Jubilee preparations, that it may mean much to everyone,

We are yours in His work,

Florence Boston.

President Y. W. C. A. of S. N. S., 1913-14.

V

Covington, Va., January, 1916.

My dear Y. W. C. A. girls:

Miss Conover wrote me about your number of *The Focus* and I want to send this little message to you. I just hope you have accomplished wonders this year and that the work you have started will keep on. I know you are busy now thinking about new officers and cabinet members. I hope you will get the girls best fitted to take your places, and carry on the work as successfully as I feel sure you have done.

I am teaching in Covington with sixteen old Farmville girls—Harriet Johns, Mary Hopkins, Sarah Johns, Charlie Jones, Janet Nicholson, Blanche McClintic, Annie Jones, Belle Towler, Leta Christian, Chess Hardbarger, Lila McGehee, Margaret Boatwright, Lucille Watson, Lillian Wilson, Marnetta Souder and Georgianna Stephenson. Leta and I entertained our Alumnae chapter of the Normal League last Monday night. We had quite an interesting meeting and it seems as if we have a little S. N. S. all of our own here in Covington. The Alumnae chapter meets once a month, and we are hoping and planning to send a girl to Farmville next year.

I never realized what the Young Women's Christian Association could mean to a girl in school until I left. We have nothing here to take its place, as we are all scattered in different boarding-places, and I miss it more than anything else about school life. One thing I miss dread-

fully is the evening prayers, and the girls say I am "homesick" for Farmville. I do wish sometimes that I could be back at school, for teaching is no easy job although I like it very much.

With best wishes for each of you, and for the success of the Young Women's Christian Association, I am

Sincerely yours,

Edith Abbitt,

President Y. W. C. A. of S. N. S., 1914-15.

VI

(Miss Sutherlin was a member of our own Advisory Board last year, and is now studying at Peabody College where she is president of the Christian Association.)

Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn., Dec., 1915.

Dear Girls:

News of your work, which has come to me through letters and first hand information brought by Dr. Jarman, has interested me greatly. Somehow I felt perfectly sure that the ideas, experiences, and inspiration gained at Blue Ridge last June would inevitably react on the life of our school this year.

Here at Peabody we have organized an Association and have already accomplished a few things; and when I tell you that the chairman of the Advisory Board, the president of the Association, the chairman of the Bible Study and Finance Committees, a member of the Association News Committee, are all former members of your Association, you may feel more than a casual interest in us.

The day before Thanksgiving we held a joint meeting with the Y. M. C. A., using Mr. Mott's letter to American students as the basis of our program. In response to this call, our two Associations made at this time a voluntary offering of \$40 to aid the Student Christian organizations in Europe that have been so retarded by the war.

You will perhaps be interested in the work of our Social Service Committee. About fifteen of our girls are at work in the various settlement houses here, some teaching in Sunday school, some teaching sewing, cooking, house-

keeping, others assisting in story-telling, games, plays. Just now this committee is planning the Christmas program for one of the settlements. Some day soon people will bring fruit, candy, toys, and money, with which we are to fill Christmas stockings. The Training-School girls are dressing dolls in the sewing classes, and the boys are making toys in the manual training classes.

If space did not limit me, I would continue.

Please accept my hearty good wishes for your happiness and for the best success in your work.

Sincerely your friend,

Carrie Sutherlin.

VII

Randolph-Macon Woman's College, December, 1915.
To Y. W. C. A. of Farmville:

Best wishes for the new year from your nearest sister Association at Randolph-Macon! May the year bring all success and joy in every phase of your Association work.

As an Association so near to you we feel peculiarly interested in you and like to keep in close touch with you. I think there is a certain strength that comes from being a part of a great whole, and nothing makes us feel it like contact with another student Association, working for the same things as we are—directing all our efforts to the end that all our students may better know the living Christ.

We studied together with your Bible Study leaders last spring, and I am anxious to hear how your classes went. We had a large enrollment—in fact it exceeded our Association membership—which I think is fine.

I cannot write to Farmville without mentioning Blue Ridge, and our association there last summer. Wasn't it the most wonderful ten days? You who did go continue telling of its inspiration so that others can go and know it. I must tell you about our cottage money. We are so proud of it. You see we decided that we could not afford the actual cash from our pocket-books for a Blue Ridge cottage and so we decided to make the money, since we must have the cottage. We pledged \$500 to be paid this fall, and by the first of November we had cleared our \$500 and

more in our second-hand book-store. We asked girls to give their old books in the spring and we sold them in the fall. Perhaps you could use that suggestion. The Exchange Committee has just held the Christmas Bazaar. They cleared about \$30, although the aim of it was to make money for girls who entered articles for sale—and a great deal was made by the girls. Besides this, the waitresses had a booth of articles from the book store in Lynchburg which they sold on commission and cleared about \$8. They use all little ways for making money toward sending one of their number to Blue Ridge.

Are you talking Jubilee? We have a huge Jubilee Committee which has been at work for several weeks and we are hoping for a real jubilee here at Randolph-Macon, and for a deepening of the spiritual life of each girl we reach through this Month of Jubilee.

I have left so many things unmentioned—there was not room for all. But I would like to send greetings from our whole Association and always our sincerest interest in your work.

Sincerely,

Virginia Howlett,

Pres. Y. W. C. A. at R.-M. W. C., 1915-16.

VIII

(Miss Dodge was General Secretary here in 1913-14, and is now a field student secretary for the North Central Field.)

Minneapolis, Minn., December, 1915.

Dear Farmvillers:

If this is a box of family letters, I will have to be the mysterious, unknown aunt who went West before the children of this school generation were born into Farmville. There are a few nieces of three years' standing who would look natural hastening down to breakfast in the last stages of dress; or sitting in the big, comfy settees in the hall; or asking Mrs. Harris for permission to go down town. Once or twice Mrs. Harris let me have the fun of making marks on those yellow cards in the office myself.

Whether you like it or not, I can't get away from the feeling that I know you all because you must love the walks to Taylor's pond, or through Richardson's woods, or out across the narrow gauge; or else you like to read down in the Y. W. C. A. room; or if you are very adventurous you like to go coasting on trays (go to Marie Noell for information). And some of you know Blue Ridge and some of you are going to know it.

So you see, your aunt, who goes traveling around to thirty some colleges and universities in the West has time to know you all and to like you all and she wishes you a good year and a glad year, with lots of real work and play and friends, all of which you will love if you love real living.

Your aunt in the West,

Adelia Dodge.

IX

Richmond, Va., December, 1915.

Friends, each and every one of you—greeting!

When a note came asking me to send a few lines of greeting to you all, I wondered just what kind of a message you wanted. And then I sort of began to think of my own school days, and to wonder what I would have expected to see in our Magazine Letter-Box.

Some way, what my imagination showed me is not at all what I am wanting to write to you, so here's hoping you won't expect that kind.

When this greeting comes to you, we will all have passed the season when we celebrate the coming of the Christ into this world of ours; and some of us will be wishing that some of the sweetness and the peace of that blessed season might go with us throughout the days to come. And why shouldn't it, girls? Is not the reason that things seem different at that time to be found in the fact that we are thinking of Him more really than we usually do at other times? And so, if we want the "spirit of Christmas" to last, let us claim that promise of His that He will be with us always, and literally practice the presence of God throughout the coming year.

This isn't to be a sermon—it is merely a heartfelt wish that we may come nearer to Him each day of the weeks to come; that we may live so close to Him that others may “see that we have been with Jesus,” and come to want to know Him as their ever-present Friend.

God bless and keep you, one and all!

Your friend,

*Katherine Heath Hawes,
Chairman South Atlantic Field Committee.*

X

State Normal College, Greensboro, N. C., January, 1916.

My dear Association girls:

As the new year starts out we, the Annual Members, are also starting out on the accomplishment of our big work for this year, and we want to take this opportunity to enlist your services in our campaign. We are undertaking quite a big thing in attempting to throw some light on the question, “Are our Christian Associations Christian in their individual standards, their cabinet standards, their Association standards?” By no means do we think that we will solve so big a problem as this, but we do hope that we are going to open up the way for some definite work in the future. By investigating this question we hope to put material into the hands of the Student Department of this field which will enable it to know what to expect from us, instead of having to guess; to feel sure of the kind of people it has to count on; to know us, and thereby know how to approach us.

Our field is young yet, as you know, and its possibilities are great among the students of our colleges. It is a responsible thought to feel that unless you have your eyes open you may be missing the chance to help some little struggling Association see its way clear to a firm basis. And I feel that these must be the feelings of every Annual Member. Although we come from such widely different colleges we are held together by this desire to serve the students of the field. So I want to take this opportunity to tell you that we are going to count on some big work

from Farmville in carrying out our plans, and we know that we are not going to be disappointed.

Please accept the very best wishes of the South Atlantic Field Annual Members for success in every line of your work.

Loyally,

*Ruth Ashmore Kernodle,
Chairman of the Annual Members.*

XI

Farmville, Va., Dec. 20, 1915.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Y. W. C. A.
State Normal School, Greeting:

After forty years of my life of toil in the school room as an educator, trying to the best of my knowledge to lift up my race to a higher standard, the joy I received from the Y. W. C. A. of the S. N. S. through the Social Service Committee in giving a Christmas tree to the First Grade pupils of which I have charge in Public School No. 2, numbering 116 pupils, I will say I assure you this gracious, superb and totally unexpected offering so completely affects me, as to leave me poor in speech, but rich in thankfulness and gratitude. My efforts have been crowned with success, and in this fullness of joy may the ladies of the State Normal School shine like stars in our firmament never cease to captivate us and when we deserve it of rewarding us.

Yours respectfully,

*E. F. McDaniel,
Teacher in the Colored School.*

The Association in the Open Country*

A CHALLENGE is coming to every college girl whose after college days are being spent in the small town or the open country. There is a universal law behind the response that is coming from thousands of college girls in the United States; for there is a magnetic pulling force between the plus of a college girl's life and the minus of the lives of these girls in the small towns and the open country, between the minus of a college girl's life and the great abundance of living that is awaiting her in service to these girls.

The plus of a college girl's life is, in part, friendship and play and team work and world-citizenship. The minus of the lives of these other girls, unless their lives have been added unto by the richness of someone's service, is in part, these very things—friendship and play and team work and world-citizenship.

The country girl is often missing the bigness of friendship because of the natural barrier of miles or the unnatural barrier between the "town-girl" and the "country girl." You will find the friendship of the small-town girl limited, often, by cliques and crowds, by east sides and west sides by north sides and south sides. Or the girls of two nearby towns are poorer in their friendship because of inherited rivalries and jealousies, because one town has the court house or the county high school and the other one has *not*. And no girl who is no bigger than a clique or crowd, no girl whose life is bounded by north sides or south sides, has discovered the real meaning of friendship.

The Young Women's Christian Association, keenly sensitive to the needs of all girls, is finding a way to serve these girls in the country. One way is through the summer service of college girls. College girls are going back to the girls of their home communities in the summer vacation

*This article is contributed by the Publication Department of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

and organizing and leading Eight-Week Clubs, so-called because they meet weekly for eight weeks. You can not fully understand what such a club is until you have had one. It is a sort of slice of college that you take home to these girls.

A girl from South Carolina sent in this report of her Eight-Week Club: "The girls who were members of this club lived on Western ranches. They had never been away from home—most of them had never been on the inside of a train. They knew how to ride horses, plow corn, rake hay and cook for farm men, but they had hearts and they had wonderful possibilities of leadership. These girls lived four, five and eight miles apart, but they always had a full attendance. They organized a Sunday school class under their president." The report continues with the story of their meetings, sewing classes, short stories and Bible study. They remodeled the church, fixing broken windowpanes, mending ragged carpets and broken benches. There was a splendid "Country Round-Up" to which everybody came. She closes her report with this, "You can't imagine the joy this brought into the lives of these girls. They are not the same. They are very happy and are going to continue their club under Mr. Powell, the minister."

The leader of another Eight-Week Club closes her report in much the same way: "We are planning to go on with our club all winter and we know we are some day going to be a Y. W. C. A."

The Young Women's Christian Association with its highly efficient plan of service is conserving this tremendous power in country places and is developing new leadership by means of the County Young Women's Christian Association. The County Association is directed by a board of about twenty-five or thirty women, representing practically every township in the county. The county secretary, a specialist for girls in the county, is employed to supervise the Association work of the county.

The spirit of play is finding its way into country girls' lives through the County Young Women's Christian Association. Perhaps it is just a corn-roast or early morn-

ing breakfast. Outdoor games and tramps through the woods together are making the country a happier place to live in. Nowhere are folk dances so beautiful as they are out among the green trees.

In their work, as well as in their play, these girls are learning the art of team work. In spite of long distances, bad roads, rain and snow, they are working together. In Woodford County, Illinois, one hundred girls from five communities gave together a Pageant of Sisterhood, each community of girls giving an episode while the Spirit of Sisterhood united them all.

By cabinet house parties, county girls' congresses, by a federation of all the clubs of a county, by athletic meets, banquets and by many other ways the girls of a county are learning to work together for one common goal.

To sum up the work of the Association in country places, it is bringing broader boundaries, bigger and richer lives. A college girl wrote this to me the other day: "Shailer Mathews said, 'Our God is as big as our knowledge.' I don't remember anything else about it—I've been thinking of that ever since. Isn't it wonderful to think that everything you learn adds to the 'bigness of your God?' " By adding to the bigness of these girls' lives the Association is adding to the bigness of their God, and it is bringing their lives into personal loyalty to Him.

When there are five million girls living in the country places of the United States, don't you suppose there is some sort of a place of service in these United States for the college girls who are strong and young and intelligent?

What We Think of Blue Ridge

Blue Ridge is the place where sunny smiles and friendly hearts help you on your way. It gives larger vision and broader interests.

Katherine Middleton.

It is a place where you meet people whose very faces reflect the life of Jesus, and from whom you learn the significance of true Christian character.

Annie Loving.

Blue Ridge means friendship—with each other and with the Friend of us all. It brings a sense of oneness and a feeling that we “belong.”

Nancy Lewis.

The spirit of Blue Ridge, expressed in the lives of the leaders, made a lasting impression and caused a deep change in my life.

Marjorie Matthews.

If you want to broaden your interests, especially your friendships, and also make friendships, be one of the delegates to Blue Ridge.

Ellen Lash.

Blue Ridge is the place where one finds true community spirit. What a happy school this would be if that same spirit reigned among us.

Marcella Barnes.

The lives of those there testified that the Christ life is the truly happy one. Blue Ridge through Nature spoke to me of God's wonderful works.

Florence Hall.

The thing that struck me was the spiritual and social feeling which prevailed over the whole conference. It is an unforgettable experience.

Julia Brittingham.

The realization of what a friendship with Christ means, and a vision of how I may serve Him better, came to me at Blue Ridge.

Virginia Watkins.

Blue Ridge gave me such a sweeping vision of life that I shall never get away from it—the vision of service, which determined me to become a Student Volunteer.

Ruth Robinson.

Surrounded there by the great rocky out-of-doors, the running water, tall trees, mountain flowers, and His truest followers, the soul can't keep from growing. There is something at Blue Ridge that thrills one with the determination, "I *will* do something worth while."

Madeline Warburton.

Blue Ridge to me means the gathering place of friends, of people who have the true spirit of friendship, not only among themselves, but with our greatest friend, Jesus Christ.

Lucile B. Woodson.

Blue Ridge to me meant Association work in a broader, bigger sphere, both spiritually and socially. It meant, especially, a lasting friendship with the girls from school.

E. Louise Chiles.

I enjoyed every single thing at Blue Ridge, from Bible classes to swimming pool.

Cornelia Seabury.

After going to Blue Ridge the second time, I realized that the people were thoroughly saturated with the Christ-like spirit. The people make the place. It's a wonderful place, that's all.

Marie Noell.

Blue Ridge makes you feel that Christ is real.

Helene Nichols.

From Across the Sea

I

(Miss Paxton was General Secretary at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, 1912-1915, and is now a city Association secretary in Canton.)

Y. W. C. A., Canton, China, Oct., 1915.

Well I am here in Canton and I have many profound thoughts on the subject even if I can't express them very fluently on a typewriter.

We have a job on our hands in the way of language study. Chinese is unspeakable! Some tones are so low that you make them on top of your head, while some are so high that you make them in your collar-bone, and I am not used to making them in either spot. You either sneeze or cough, at the same time singing! As you know, vocal stunts are not my long suit. We are going to language school for three hours in the morning, and we sing-song with a teacher for two hours in the afternoon. We do not have any other responsibility for two years. At present we are watching Harriet Boutelle, and she is worth watching, I tell you.

For fun we go to dinner-parties, week-end visits, play tennis till we can hear ourselves slush in our shoes, and go to Chinese feasts, and one time we went to a wedding. Those tales missionaries tell about shark's fins and bird's nest soup are true. I've eaten 'em me own self and liked 'em very well, though I shouldn't care for them for a steady diet. I couldn't go seaslugs; memories of biology rose up and deterred me. I did taste the age-old, long-buried eggs and found them wanting.

We three are keeping house in our own hired house, while our real house is being built. The most interesting member of the establishment is our cook, a real character, who also serves in the capacity of confidential advisor and friend; he is widely traveled, having been to America, and

speaks English fluently but not intelligibly. Our boy practices dentistry on the side, I hear. The amah speaks no English, so we practice our Chinese on her.

But after all, the best thing about our job is the personal touch with the people. I wish you could see these Board women. They have so much initiative that Harriet says she feels as if she were holding a young calf by the tail! They have so much charm of personality, graciousness and tact. The president is a successful physician, the wife of a druggist from some Philadelphia school, and the mother of two children. She made a lovely speech at the speech party they gave the other day to the new secretaries. It does my soul good to see how much I really like the Chinese people.

As for a description of Canton, I am not equal to it yet. I have some impressions of houses stretching on endlessly, of many narrow streets crowded with people, of smells of queer kinds of food and other things, and of a civilization so different it's uncanny. I am always wondering, when I am going through the streets, where all those people live, what they think about, and how they feel under those naked, brown bodies. Living out here tends to make one wonder about lots of things. Perhaps I shall come home a philosopher!

We live on the Bund, the street along the river, where we can see all the boats go by. There are big river boats that would look perfectly natural on the Hudson, jaunty little launches flying the flags of many nations, great, awkward, gaily painted "flower-boats" that are floating restaurants, and great crowds of little, slipper-shaped, covered boats that serve as vehicles of transportation and homes for hundreds of people. It is a pleasant little custom to put off fire-crackers when the boats go off, so any night we are awakened by a noise that sounds like a revolution, but it is only the morning boat.

Jean G. Paxton.

II

(The following is an extract from Mr. John R. Mott's letter to the students of America. Its purpose was to inspire them to raise a fund for the relief of European Christian Student Movements, to be sent at Christmas time.)

As the second winter of the Great War draws near with its inevitable increase in the volume of suffering, there is a matter which should receive the urgent attention of the students and professors of the colleges, universities and schools of America. We have not realized as fully as we should have done the great demands which this struggle has made upon the students of the countries now at war. A recent report states that nearly seventy-five per cent of the men students of the colleges and universities of Great Britain have already entered the army, nearly 11,000 undergraduates and graduates of Cambridge University alone having gone to the war. In Germany nearly, if not quite, 50,000 university students are in the army and even larger numbers of the older school boys. When I was in Paris within a year, where I had been in the habit of finding in other years as many as 18,000 male students in the Latin Quarter, it was with difficulty that I assembled a small group of four. The proportions of university men in Austria, Hungary and Russia, who are in the fighting lines or in military training, are nearly as large. From nearly every Canadian university fully one-half of the men have gone to join the army.

The effect of this remarkable depletion of the colleges and universities on the Christian Student Movement of the different countries concerned has been startling. In some cases the Christian Associations have disappeared entirely; in other cases they have been so robbed of leaders that the existence of the work is seriously imperilled. The financial resources of these Christian Associations of students have suffered greatly. Even the national leaders of some of the Movements have given up their work in order to enter the fighting lines. All this has added enormously to the responsibilities of the little bands of

earnest Christians who remain in the various colleges and universities. They have the most difficult work of preserving, as much as possible Christian bonds which have been so terribly strained by recent events.

Every Christian Student Movement in a country at war is doing a work among the students in the army which is beyond praise. Never before in time of war or in time of peace has there been such an opportunity to influence for Christ the young manhood and boyhood of strong nations.

The needs and opportunities of our fellow students in the Christian Student Movements of Europe present an irresistible call to the students and professors of America. It is an opportunity for us to show the reality of our Christian faith and of our Christian love. *I confess at times with sinking heart that my solicitude in these days is not for the students of the lands now at war. My fear is for the students of America, lest in this dark hour of the world's need we may be indifferent or callous to the claims of our fellow students in Europe, and not enter sufficiently into fellowship with their sufferings and into co-operative effort to enable them to meet their opportunities.*

Fellow-Workers

Gertrude Welker, '15

I

God's work? Then do we humbly say
That God has done it all, brought lost souls home?
Has filled starved lives with love and peace and joy?

II

Ah, no. Nor yet the work of man
Has brought the light to those in darkness cast,
Has made them see a future to atone
For all the sadness of the dreary past.

III

Not God's; not man's; it is not bold to say
That we have each a part in God's great plan.
'Tis not alone our God who lights the world,
But God revealed through the heart of man.

IV

Our work, then, man's and God's.
The Son of Man hath shown us this—our part
Of the great work of all the world and heaven,
Uncovering the divine in every heart.

Us---Past and Present

If some one should ask you how many candles to put on a birthday cake for the Farmville Christian Association, would you know? We are of age, as you will see from what follows, and if the first president could look at us now, she would undoubtedly say, "Why, *how* you have grown since I saw you last!"

1896-97

The Young Women's Christian Association was organized in May. At the first it had only bi-weekly meetings in chapel. Later it controlled also the weekly prayer-meeting, and organized eighteen Bible Study classes in the school, There were also organized two classes of Personal Workers whose purpose was to do personal Christian work among their fellow-students. The library was started, and also an Association reading-room.

1898-99

OFFICERS

President.....	Lucy Wright
Vice-President.....	Grace Elcan
Secretary.....	Nelly Preston
Treasurer.....	Lelia Scott

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Finance.....	Lelia Scott
Bible Study.....	Miss Rice
Membership.....	Miss Littleton
Religious Meetings.....	Mrs. Morrison
Missionary Meetings.....	Miss Coulling

Officers were elected in January. Two delegates were sent to the Southern Summer Conference at Asheville, N. C.

1889-1900

The constitution was changed to provide for election of officers in March. The membership of the Association reached one hundred. One delegate was sent to the Summer Conference at Asheville, N. C.

1900-1901

OFFICERS

President.....	Frances Y. Smith
Vice-President.....	Bessie Rosser Carper
Treasurer.....	Josephine Elice Luck
Recording Secretary.....	Elizabeth Gertrude Pierce
Corresponding Secretary.....	Mercy Margaret Crimm

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Devotional.....	Miss Lula Andrews
Bible Study.....	Mrs. P. L. Morrison
Missions.....	Nannie Royall
Finance.....	Josephine E. Luck
Intercollegiate Relations.....	Mercy Crimm
Room and Library.....	Sarah Hogg
Music.....	Mamie Groseclose
Membership.....	Lucy Stubbs
Social.....	Mrs. Morrison

Membership numbered at one hundred and twenty-six.

1902-03

OFFICERS

President.....	Neville Watkins
Vice-President.....	Anna Paxton
Secretary.....	Eloise George
Treasurer.....	Martha Goggin

Students filled all the offices. The weekly Association meeting was held on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock, and lasted one hour. There were twelve Bible Classes, meeting each week on Sunday afternoon. A Mission Study class met every Friday afternoon. Two Association

entertainments were given during the year. There was an Association Poster Club of eighteen members. One delegate was sent to the Asheville Summer Conference.

1903-04

OFFICERS

President.....	Lucy Manson
Vice-President.....	Carrie Sutherlin
Secretary.....	Jessie Whitmore
Treasurer.....	Carrie Martin

One regular meeting of the Association each month was given to the subject of missions. The weekly Mission Study Class raised \$25, with which it planned to educate a child in a foreign country. There were fourteen Bible Class teachers, and a class enrollment of one hundred and eighty-five. The Association membership numbered two hundred and eight, and the treasury held \$30. In November, 1902, a delegate was sent to the State Y. W. C. A. Convention at Staunton, Va., and in June, 1903, six girls and two faculty members went to the Asheville Conference.

1904-05

OFFICERS

President.....	Lucy Brooke
Vice-President.....	Susie Muse
Recording Secretary.....	Bernie Smith
Corresponding Secretary.....	Henrietta Dunlap
Treasurer.....	Lois Watkins

Membership was numbered at two hundred and sixty, one hundred and thirty of whom were new members.

1905-06

OFFICERS

President	Flora Thompson
Vice-President.....	Bernie Smith
Recording Secretary.....	Mary Schofield

Corresponding Secretary.....	Henrietta Dunlap
Treasurer.....	Dorothy Rogers
Librarian.....	Fannie Moore

The Poster Club in this year had seven members.

1906-07

OFFICERS

President.....	Flora Thompson
Vice-President.....	Mary Schofield
Recording Secretary.....	Grace Thorpe
Corresponding Secretary.....	Gertrude Davidson
Treasurer.....	Mary Glasgow

1907-08

OFFICERS

President.....	Mollie Mauzy
Vice-President.....	Mary Stephens
Recording Secretary.....	Grace Beale
Corresponding Secretary.....	Virginia Nelson
Treasurer.....	Sue Ruffin

In this year the local Association was affiliated with the National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America.

There were three hundred and fifty-nine members. There was a morning prayer-circle held daily at 7:15. The Poster Club numbered fifteen members.

1908-09

OFFICERS

President.....	Josephine Kelly
Vice-President.....	Gladys Bell
Recording Secretary.....	Alice Carter
Corresponding Secretary.....	Florence Clayton
Treasurer.....	Lula Sutherlin

There was a membership of four hundred and forty-three, and a Poster Club of eleven members.

1909-10

OFFICERS

President.....	Mary Paxton
Vice-President.....	Mittie Batten
Recording Secretary.....	Louise Ford
Corresponding Secretary.....	Florence Acree
Treasurer.....	Irma Phillips
Librarian.....	Leona Jordan

There were four hundred and twenty-seven members of the Association. There was a Student Volunteer Band of twelve members.

1911-12

OFFICERS

President.....	Ruth Hunt
Vice-President.....	Ruth Dabney
Recording Secretary.....	Leta Christian
Corresponding Secretary.....	Lelia Robertson
Treasurer.....	Pearl Matthews
General Secretary..	Miss Eleanor Richardson

In the spring of 1911, the Association welcomed Miss Richardson as its first General Secretary.

In September, 1911, vacancies in the cabinet were so filled that Lelia Robertson became President, Bessie Marshall Vice-President, and Caroline McCraw Corresponding Secretary.

1912-13

OFFICERS

President.....	Florence Boston
Vice-President.....	Evelyn Turnbull
Recording Secretary.....	Winnie Hiner
Corresponding Secretary.....	Preston Ambler
Treasurer.....	Elsie Gay
Librarian.....	Lucy Maclin

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Devotional.....	Thelma Blanton
Bible Study.....	Janie Couch
Missionary.....	Rebecca Coleman
Missionary Giving.....	Anne Woodruff
Social.....	Sallie Hargrave
Social Service.....	Madeline Askew
Music.....	Frances Andrews
General Secretary.....	Miss Eleanor Richardson

1913-14

OFFICERS

President.....	Susan Minton
Vice-President.....	Josephine White
Recording Secretary.....	Esther Ford
Corresponding Secretary.....	Mary Cary Taylor
Treasurer.....	Margaret Hiner

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Missionary.....	Lucy Heath
Missionary Giving.....	Marie O'Neill
Social.....	Kathleen Browning
Social Service.....	Frances Guthrie
Membership.....	Josephine White
Music.....	Lillian Trotter
Bible Study.....	Alice Howison
Devotional.....	Isabell Moore
General Secretary.....	Miss Adelia Dodge

In June, 1914, the delegation to the Summer Conference at Blue Ridge, Black Mountain, N. C., consisted of eleven girls and two faculty members.

1914-15

OFFICERS

President.....	Louise Miller
Vice-President.....	Edith Abbit
Recording Secretary.....	Lucy Allen

Treasurer.....	Elfie Meredith
Corresponding Secretary.....	Beulah Scott

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Membership.....	Edith Abbitt
Finance.....	Elfie Meredith
Devotional.....	Gertrude Welker
Bible Study.....	Mary Codd, Mildred Booker
Missionary.....	Mabel Spratley
Social Service.....	Carey Jeter
Social.....	Virginia Thomas
Association News.....	Beulah Scott
Missionary Giving.....	Marion Johnson
General Secretary..	Miss Adelia Dodge, Miss C. M. Conover

In September, 1914, Edith Abbitt and Louise Miller changed places, on account of illness.

In June, 1915, the Association was represented at the Blue Ridge Conference by eighteen girls and four faculty members. They occupied the new cottage built jointly by V. P. I. and our Normal School, for use at Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. conferences. Almost four hundred of the necessary five hundred dollars was raised in 1915.

1915-1916

OFFICERS

President	Helene Nichols
Vice-President.....	Carrie Wood
Recording Secretary.....	Eva Brooks
Corresponding Secretary....	Lucy Parks, Mozelle Braden
Treasurer.....	Cornelia Seabury
Librarian.....	Lucile Woodson

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Membership.....	Carrie Wood
Finance.....	Cornelia Seabury
Association News.....	Lucy Parks, Mozelle Braden
Morning Watch.....	Helen Gray
Devotional.....	Ellen Lash

Bible Study.....	Florence Hall
Mission Study.....	Marjorie Matthews, Elizabeth White
Social Service.....	Virginia Watkins
Social.....	Lucile Shepherd
Music.....	Marcella Barnes
Missionary Giving.....	Esther Covington
General Secretary.....	Miss Charlotte M. Conover

During this year the constitution was amended to make the president of Student Government a regular member of the cabinet each year. Marie Noell thus became a member of the cabinet in December, 1915. As 1916 marks the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Young Women's Christian Association in the United States, and has been chosen as the Jubilee year, a Jubilee Committee was formed to plan and execute a celebration to occupy the month of February, 1916. Its chairman, Katherine Middleton, became a member of the cabinet in December, 1915.

Cabinet Policy, 1915-16

Motto—And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.—Psalm 90:17

I

We, as a cabinet, realize that our supreme strength lies in the reality to us of Christ as a Person. Therefore we determine to make Him our Friend, to help other girls to take Him as their Friend, and thus work together for His honor and glory.

II

The cabinet believes that the deepest need of the Normal School is a keener sense of social responsibility on the part of each girl in the school. We therefore make it our sober purpose to arouse community spirit, by which we mean the willingness of each individual to sacrifice her own private desires and activities, no matter at what cost, wherever they clash with the welfare and happiness, either physical or spiritual, of other individuals in the school. To this end we will dare to stand for

First—Strict adherence to the regulations of Student Government in regard to behavior when down town, observance of study hour, and all other provisions, however small they may seem, which have been made for the comfort and happiness of the school.

Second—Unflinching obedience to the rules of the Home Department, because we believe in the nobility of obedience to authority, where that authority tends to the preservation of the best ideals of community life. We will stand for prompt retiring to rooms, putting out of lights, and cessation of noise at night, believing that much of the welfare of the girls depends upon regularity of hours and proper rest, and recognizing our individual opportunity and duty to achieve that welfare for them.

Third—Fair dealing with all other organizations of the school, believing that the laws of social obligation in the

school apply as truly to organizations as to individuals. The Christian Association will endeavor to deal fairly and unselfishly with all other bodies in the school, particularly in the matter of nominating and electing officers, trying as far as possible to avoid taking officers from other organizations.

III

Inasmuch as we are the leaders in the spiritual life of the school community we determine

To stand against studying for our school work on Sunday.

To observe Sunday in such a way as shall show the school our real love for Christ and our reverence for the Lord's day.

To hold a cabinet morning watch once a week where as a body we may bring the specific problems of our Association work to God for solution.

To support to the best of our ability regular morning watch and evening prayers.

To bring out and train girls in real spiritual leadership, by watching carefully for powers of leadership in girls, and by giving these girls such work to do as shall develop and consecrate those powers.

IV

Inasmuch as we realize that the Association is dependent not only upon the spiritual quality of the leaders but also upon their practical efficiency, we resolve:

To be regular and punctual in attendance upon the weekly meetings of the cabinet, and to regard those meetings as previous engagements.

To regard cabinet meetings as confidential meetings where we may freely discuss any question.

To read intelligently each month our *Association Monthly* and *North American Student*, in order to be thoroughly equipped in our work.

To study the Association handbook.

To develop order and system and business-like methods in all our work.

V

As individuals we pledge ourselves

To spend as much time as possible daily with Christ in the study of our Bible and in prayer.

To keep strict watch over ourselves in all our activities and relationships.

To know as many girls in the school as is possible, and to be ready and willing to give each individual girl the best that is in us.

All of the above resolutions, however difficult, we will carry out to the very best of our ability.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."—Zech. 4:6.

THE FOCUS

VOL. V FARMVILLE, VA., JANUARY, 1916 NO. 9

Published monthly during the school year by the Students' Association of the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year.

The Focus is published nine times a year at Farmville, Va., by the Students' Association of the State Normal School. There are no stockholders, no bondholders, mortgagees, nor other security holders.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

Editorial

O BE JOYFUL!

"If you'd say, 'This is the Fourth of July,' to a Pacific Island cannibal, how much response do you think you'd see in his face?

"A date is a perfectly negative quantity and takes its character from the association of ideas which people throw around it. If I think of March 3, 1886, as the beginning of a series of meetings I can't feel very jubilant. But if I know enough to picture it as the beginning of a movement which has helped every kind of girl in this world without regard to language, color, age, education, or circumstance, I won't have to force a feeling of gratitude and joy for our fiftieth birthday."

These words of Miss Willie Young* put our Jubilee in a nutshell. All we have to do to be joyful over our national Young Women's Christian Association on its fiftieth birthday is to *know* about it. And that is where

**Association Monthly*, January, 1915.

February comes in. February is to be packed full of good things, and here is a hint as to what is in store:

February 2.—First special meeting. Leaders: Miss Coulling, Miss March, Miss Powell, Miss Rohr.

February 4.—Members' Rally. A big good time and get-together party for all members. We are to have some former members of other years with us, letters from old friends, stunts and speeches.

February 9.—Second special meeting, led by Elsie Bagby.

February 16.—Third special meeting. Leaders: Virginia Mayo, Mary Ellen White.

February 23.—Fourth special meeting. Leaders: to be announced later.

March 3.—Fiftieth Birthday Service. Also on the same evening, the pageant, "Girls of Yesterday and Today," in which we shall see the fifty years of our Association history.

March 8.—Installation of new officers and cabinet.

For over a month we will all be playing the Association "glad game." Members, let us join hands with a will, to make our Jubilee the richest time in all the history of the Farmville Association! Not-yet-members, come and join us now. We need you, we want you, we are waiting for you! Let us all together rejoice this year that our wills are behind the purpose to "make Christ real" to all girls.

—C. M. Conover.

+ + + + Exchanges + + + +

An interesting little magazine which comes to us is the *Alleghany Breezes*. The work is arranged nicely and the departments are well developed. We would suggest, however, a good essay to improve your literary department. The three stories you have are interesting but they should be a little longer and their plot is rather weak. You certainly have a sense of humor but your "jokes" over-balance slightly the other work. Nevertheless we think the officers have produced too good a magazine to be tacked to the bulletin board.

The December-January number of *The Pine and Thistle* contains three very good stories. "The Promise of Femininism" is a good essay which shows a clear understanding of the subject. "The Drama of Today" is clearly written but it contains little original thought. It seems more a mere collection of facts than an essay. You might profit by reading your own editorial. The magazine presents a pleasing appearance and with more original work it could be developed into a first-class monthly. It is always with a feeling of pleasure that we take up the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*. The December number contains a number of good stories and the one essay, "Humor and Pathos in *Dombey and Son*," is excellent. Of the stories, "The Little House of Dreams," "Their Romance," and "Greater Love Hath No Man than This," are possibly the best three. "The Butterfly" is well written but the plot is so worn that even the most skillful handling cannot make it interesting.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Shamokin High School Review*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Richmond College Messenger*,

The Tattler, The Critic, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Record, Southwest Standard, The Missile, The Southern Collegian, The Era, The Blue and Gold, The St. Mary's Muse, The Sweet Briar Magazine, The Yellow Jacket Weekly, The Neozarks, and The Pine and Thistle.

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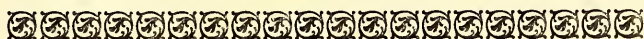
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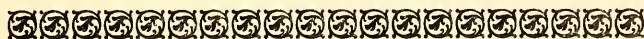
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